Hell. That he haue his, call vp ſome gentlemen.

2. *Sayl.* Ho Gentlemen, my Lord cals,

Enter two or three Gentlemen.

1. *Gent.* Doth your Lordſhip call?

Hell. Gentlemen, there is ſome of worth wold come aboard, I pray greete them fairely.

Enter Lyſimachus.

1. *Sayl.* Sir, this is the man that can in ought you would, reſolue you.

Lyſ. Haile reuerent ſir, the Gods preſerue you.

Hell. And you to out-liue the age I am, and die as I would doe.

Lyſ. You wiſh me well; being on ſhore, honoring of *Neptunes* triumphs, ſeeing this goodly veſſell ride before vs, I made to it, to know of whence you are.

Hell. Firſt, what is your place?

Lyſ. I am the Gouernor of this place you lie before.

Hell. Sir, our veſſel's of *Tyre*, in it the King, a man, who for this three months hath not ſpoken to any one, nor taken ſuſtenance, but to prolong his griefe.

Lyſ. Vpon what ground is this diſtemperance?

Hell. It would be too tedious to repeate, but the maine griefe ſprings from the loſſe of a beloued daughter, and a wife.

Lyſ. May we not ſee him?

Hell. You may, but bootleſſe is your ſight, he will not ſpeake to any.

Lyſ. Let me obtaine my wiſh.

Hell. Behold him, this was a goodly perſon, till the diſaſter that one mortall wight droue him to this.

Lyſ. Sir King, all haile, the Gods preſerue you, haile royall Sir.

Hell. It is in vaine, he will not ſpeake to you.

Lord. Sir, we haue a maid in *Metaline*, I durſt wager would win ſome words of him.

Lyſ. Tis well bethought, ſhe queſtionleſſe with her ſweete harmony, and other choſen attractions, would allure & make a battrie through his defended parts, which now are mid-way ſtopt,

ſtopt, ſhe is all happy, as
now vpon the leuie ſhe
Hell. Sure all effectl
recoueries name. But ſi
farre, let vs beſeech you
on, wherein wee are no
ſtaleneſſe.
Lyſ. O ſir, a courteſie
God for euery graffe w
our Prouince: yet once
the cauſe of your Kings
Hell. Sit ſir, I will reco
En
Lyſ. O heere's the Lad
Welcome faire one: Iſt
Hell. Shee's a gallant
Lyſ. Shee's ſuch a one,
Came of a gentle kinde a
Ide wiſh no better choiſe
Faire & all goodneſſe tha
Expect euen heere, where
If that thy properous and
Can draw him but to anſ
Thy ſacred Phyſicke ſhal
As thy deſires can wiſh.
Mar. Sir, I will vſe my
ded, that none but I and
come neere him.
Lyſ. Come, let vs lea
rous.
Lyſ. Markt he your mu
Mar. No, nor lookt on
Lyſ. See, ſhe will ſpeak
Mar. Haile ſir, my Lo
Per. Hum, ha.
Mar. I am a maid, my I
haue beene gazed on like

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